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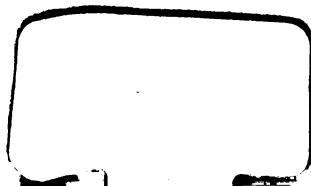
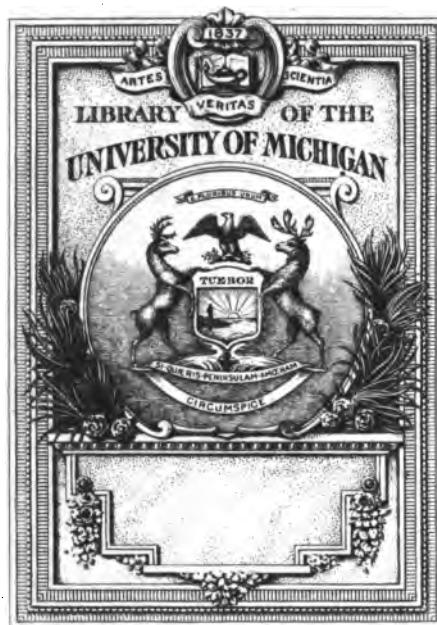
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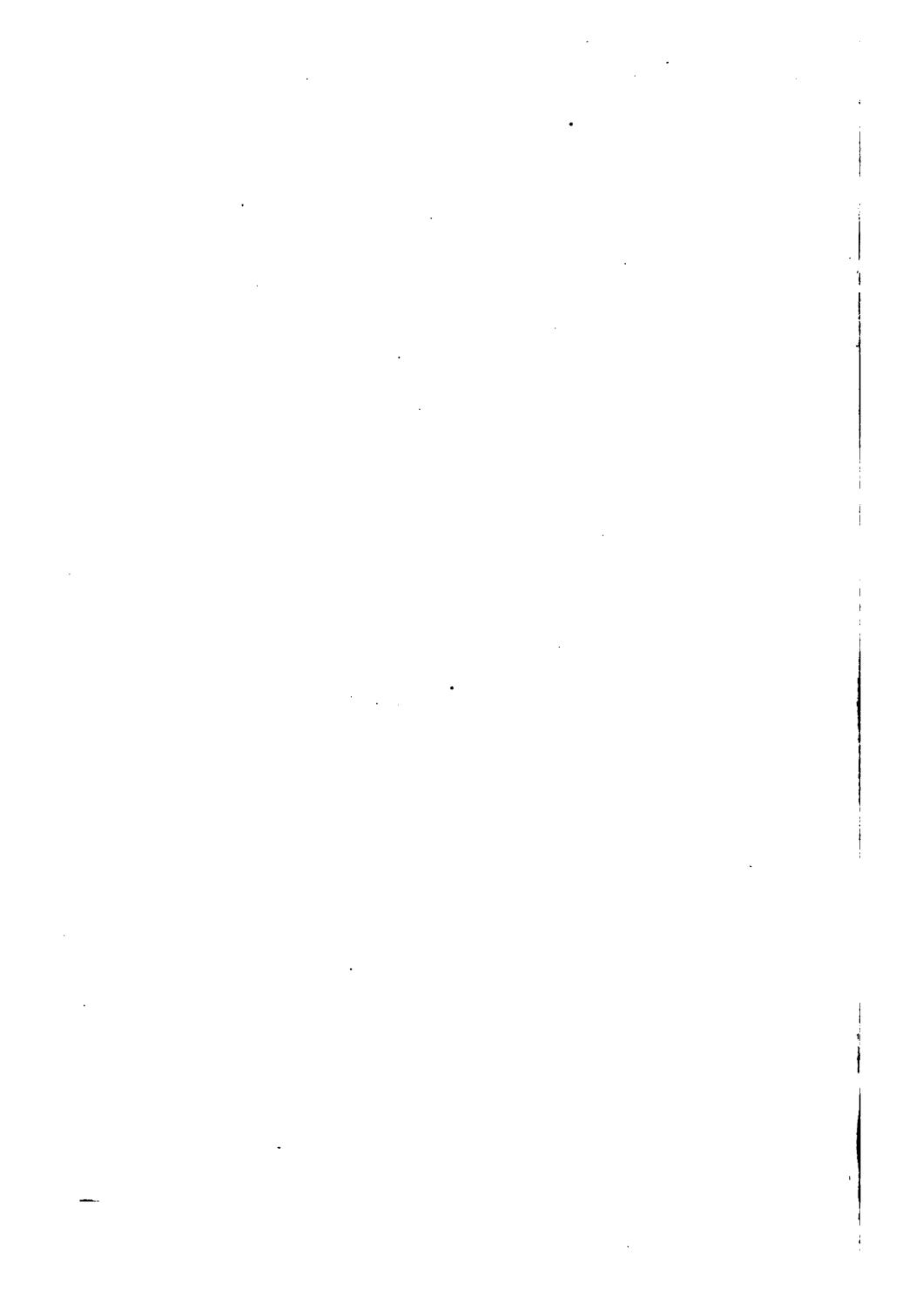
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**Songs of
The Glens of Antrim
and
More Songs of
The Glens of Antrim**



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MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
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MELBOURNE

MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

*Songs of the Glens of Antrim and
More Songs of the Glens of Antrim*

BY
MOIRA O'NEILL
AUTHOR OF "THE ELF ERRANT," ETC., ETC.

Two VOLUMES IN ONE

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1922

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Set up and printed. Published February, 1922.

Press of
J. J. Little & Ives Company
New York, U. S. A.

TO

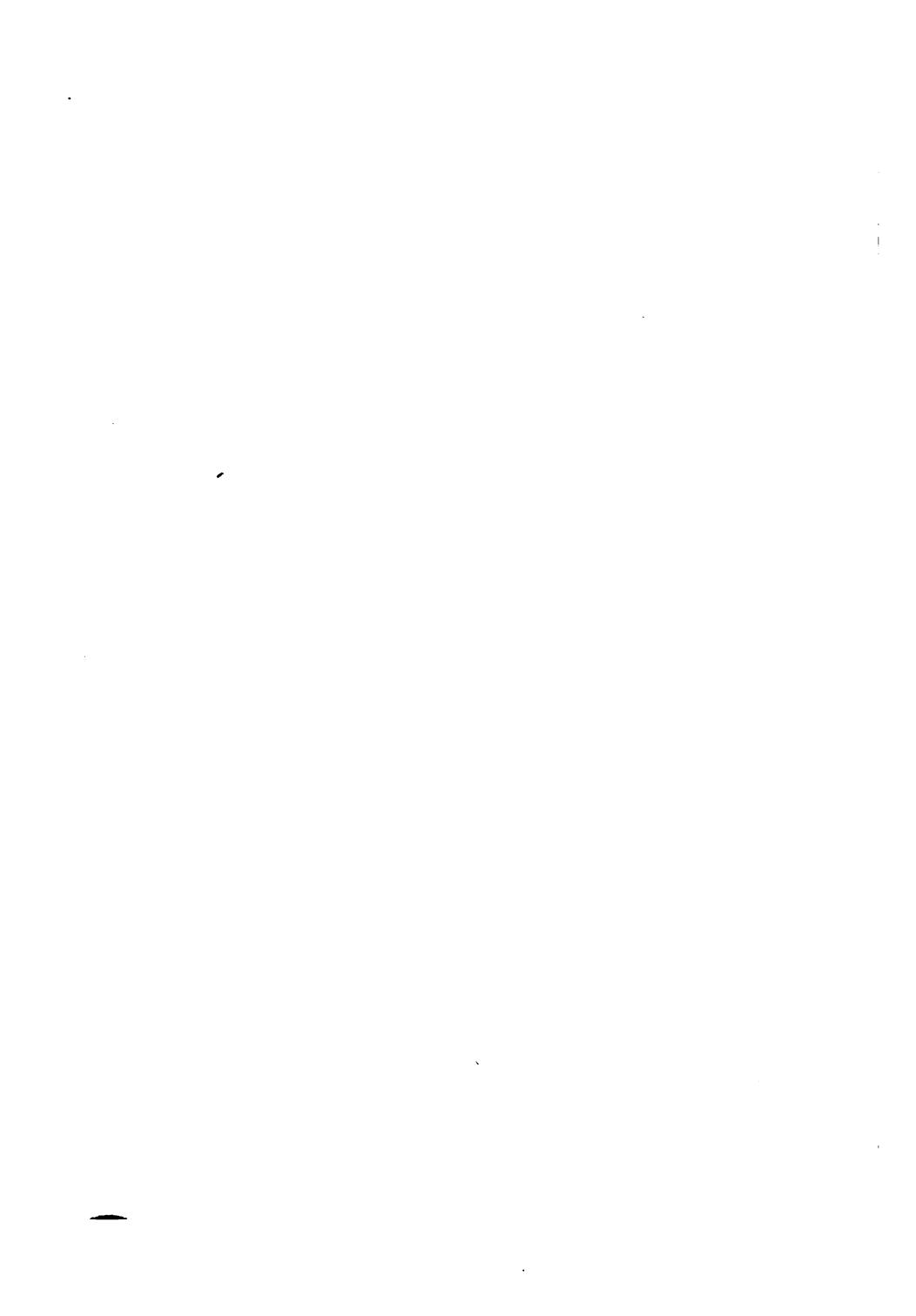
W. C. S.

There' a house upon the sea-sand, a white house an' low,
The gulls are flyin' over it, the red roses blow.
By night the waves are breakin', an' the moon is on the
sea;
Sure all that I love are there, all that love me,—
Only one.

There' a house upon the prairie in the lone North-West,
In the flowery, silent summer, on a green hill's breast;
Where mountains stretch across the sky the world's end
must be,
An' none that I love are there, none that love me,—
Only one.

I dreamt of gentle Ireland beneath the Northern Light,
The waves that broke on Ireland were callin' me by
night;
Till back across the salt sea, back against the sun
I took the way the birds know, an' woke in Cushen-
dun,—
Not with you.

Oh, what about the roses then, an' what about the strand!
For now 'tis wantin' back I am to that lone land;
'Tis the other house I'm seein' on the green hill's breast,
An' a trail across the prairie that's goin' south an'
west,—
Back to you.

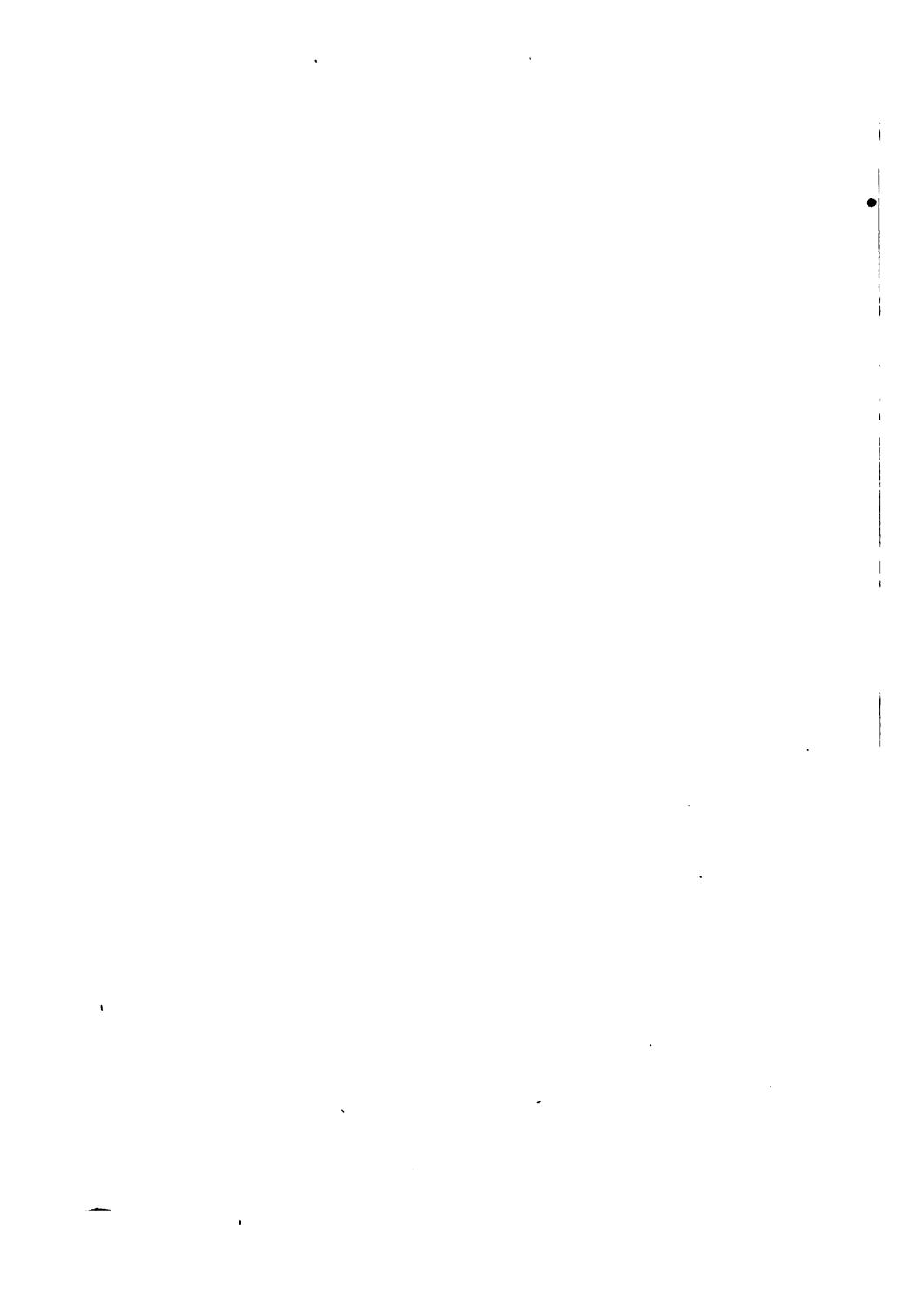


PREFACE.

These "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" were written by a Glenswoman in the dialect of the Glens, and chiefly for the pleasure of other Glens-people.

By the courtesy of the Editors of 'Blackwood' and the 'Spectator' they are republished here.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

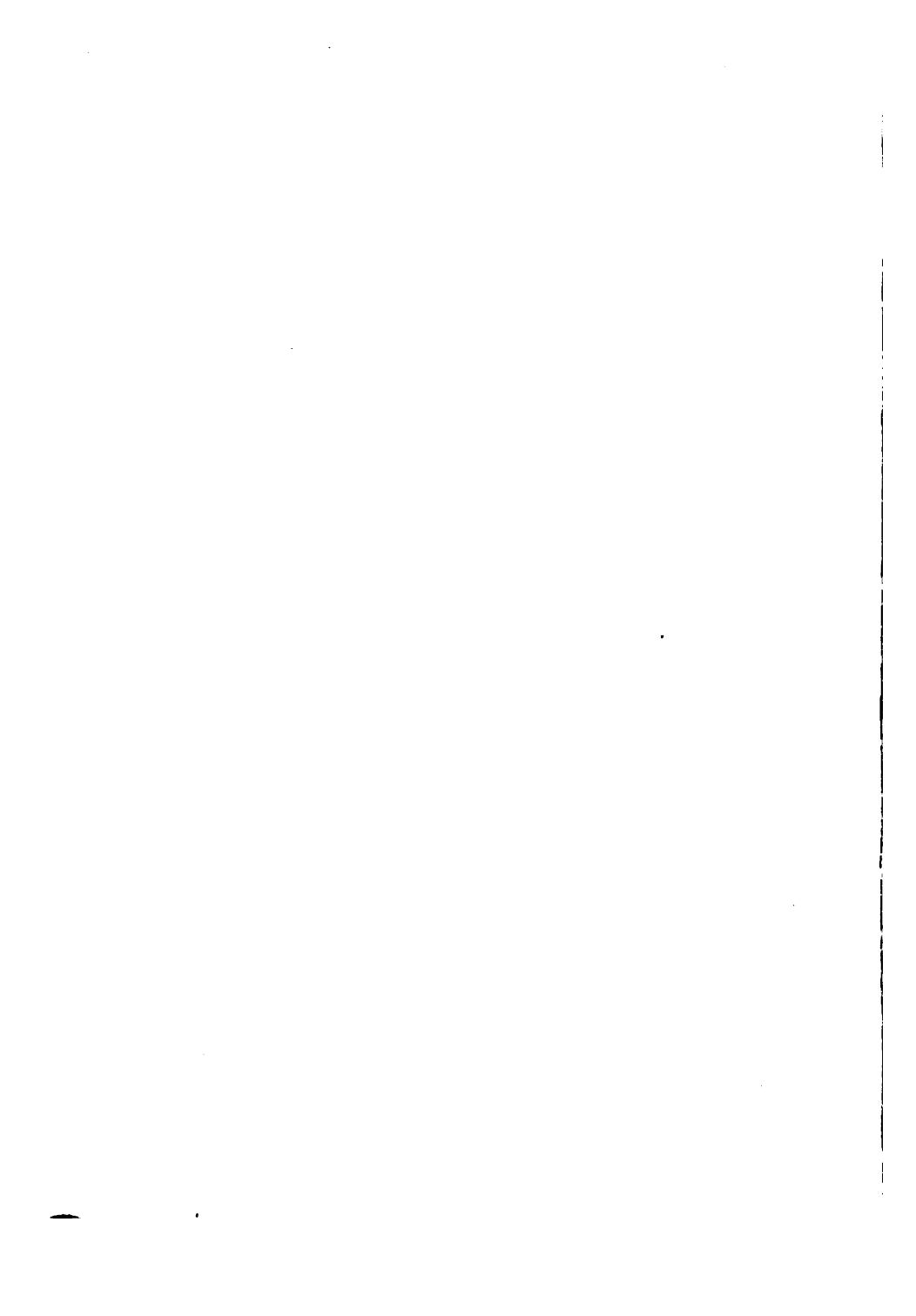


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**Songs of
The Glens of Antrim**



THE SONG OF GLEN DUN.

Sure this is blessed Erin an' this the same glen,
The gold is on the whin-bush, the wather sings
again,
The Fairy Thorn's in flower,—an' what ails my
heart then?

Flower o' the May,
Flower o' the May,
What about the May time, an' he far away!

Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves
the sea,
An' the wind must kiss the heather top, an' the red
bell hides a bee;

(1)

As the bee is dear to the honey-flower, so one is
dear to me.

Flower o' the rose,
Flower o' the rose,
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.

The bracken up the braeside has rusted in the
air,
Three birches lean together, so silver limbed an'
fair,
Och! golden leaves are flyin' fast, but the scarlet
roan is rare.

Berry o' the roan,
Berry o' the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh
alone.

I knit beside the turf fire, I spin upon the wheel,
Winter nights for thinkin' long, round runs the
reel. . . .

But he never knew, he never knew that here for
him I'd kneel.

Sparkle o' the fire,
Sparkle o' the fire,

Mother Mary, keep my love, an' send me my
desire!

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the
wheat!

Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the
heavy trees,

This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o'
the bees;

I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin'
through the heat

Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the
Jews,

There' not the smallest young gossoon but
thravels in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut
child,

Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o'
care,

By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I
did go bare.

"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she
thought me wild.

Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal
hard to raise,

The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill
to plase;

When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll
be back again—

Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an
English town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a
silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in
vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

MARRIAGE.

I met an' ould *caillach* I knowed right well on the
brow o' Carnashee:

"The top o' the mornin'!" I says to her. "God
save ye!" she says to me:

"An' och! if it's you,

Tell me true,

When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"As sure as ye're young an' fair," says she, "one
day ye'll be ugly an' ould.

If ye haven't a husband, who'll care," says she,
"to call ye in out o' the could?

Left to yerself,

Laid on the shelf,—

Now is yer time to marry.
Musha! don't tell *me* ye'll be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"I may be dead ere I'm ould," says I, "for nobody
knows their day.
I never was fear'd o' the could," says I, "but I'm
fear'd to give up me way.
Good or bad,
Sorry or glad,
'Tis mine no more when I marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

The poor ould *caillach* went down the hill shakin'
her finger at me.
" 'Tis on top o' the world ye think yerself still, an'
that's what it is," says she.
But *thon* was the day
Dan MacIlray
Had me promise to marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,—
The man he is found, but the money's to borrow.

SEA WRACK.

The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in
the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him
an' me;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were
afloat.

The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from
Cushendun?

With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the
deep,

Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.

The dry wrack,

The sea wrack,

The wrack was dead so soon.

There' a fire low upon the rocks to burn the
wrack to kelp,

There' a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an'
sorra one to help !

Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no
more.

The dark wrack,

The sea wrack,

The wrack may drift ashore.

A BROKEN SONG.

'Where am I from?' From the green hills of Erin.
'Have I no song then?' My songs are all sung.
'What o' my love?' 'Tis alone I am farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.
'If she was tall?' Like a king's own daughter.
'If she was fair?' Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin'
wather,
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.
'Where did she dwell?' Where one'st I had my
dwellin'.
'Who loved her best?' There' no one now will
know.
'Where is she gone?' Och, why would I be
tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never go.

THE FAIRY LOUGH.

Loughareema! Loughareema
Lies so high among the heather;
A little lough, a dark lough,
The wather's black an' deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there
An' sea-gulls all together
Float roun' the one green island
On the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema, Loughareema;
When the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark an' *airy*,
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet!
Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
That stand so thick an' even;

A little wave runs up the shore
An' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema, Loughareema !
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin';
The wather whispers on the stones,
The flittherin' moths are free.
One'st before the mornin' light
The Horsemen will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,
An' no one there to see.

A SONG OF GLENANN.

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann
Meself could lift a song!
An' ne'er an hour by day or dark
Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
The rain might lay the corn;
We'd up an' look for betther luck
About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there
An' far across the say,
I still have wrought, an' still have thought
The way I'm doin' the day.

An' now we're quarely betther fixed,
In troth! there' nothin' wrong:
But me an' mine, by rain an' shine
We do be thinkin' long.

“FORGETTIN’.”

The night when last I saw my lad
His eyes were bright an' wet.
He took my two hands in his own,
“Tis well,” says he, “we're met.
Asthore machree! the likes o' me
I bid ye now forget.”

Ah, sure the same's a thriflin' thing,
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised well,
Away on Ballindim.—
An' every little while or so
I thry forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do
An' him not very tall:

'Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice,
A boy that's out o' call,—
An' whiles I'll see him stand as plain
As e'er a six-fut wall.

Och, never fear, my jewel!
I'd forget ye now this minute,
If I only had a notion
O' the way I should begin it;
But first an' last it isn't known
The heap o' throuble's in it.

Meself began the night ye went
An' hasn't done it yet;
I'm nearly fit to give it up.
For where's the use to fret?—
An' the memory's fairly spoilt on me
Wid mindin' to forget.

DENNY'S DAUGHTER.

Denny's daughter stood a minute in the field I
be to pass,
All as quiet as her shadow lyin' by her on the
grass;
In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut tree's
crooked root,
Well I mind the crown o' clover crumpled
undher one bare foot.
For the look of her,
The look of her
Comes back on me to-day,—
Wi' the eyes of her,
The eyes of her
That took me on the way.

Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white an'
stiff upon her bed,
Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin' some-
where on her head:
She'll be singin' *Ave Mary* where the flowers
never wilt,
She, the girl my own hands covered wi' the
narrow daisy-quilt. . . .
For the love of her,
The love of her
That would not be my wife:
An' the loss of her,
The loss of her
Has left me lone for life,

LOST.

Listen, oh my jewel, I would say,—
Only wait to' I can get the word:
Sure I thought I had it sweet an' gay
Like the bravest song o' summer bird.
Faith! I knew it well an' very well
When this hour the rain begun to fall
Now the sorra one o' me can tell
What about it was at all, at all.

Listen, oh my jewel, I was wrong,—
Never, never lived a word so sad;
Not the heavy sea that drives along
Bears such weighty throuble as it had.
Och anee! wi' ne'er a voice to cry,
Like the weary cloud or drownin' moon
So it sank, or so was carried by:
Never told is all forgot so soon.

“CUTTIN’ RUSHES.”

Oh maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!
Meself was risin’ early on a day for cuttin’
rushes,
Walkin’ up the Brabla’ burn, still the sun was
low,
Now I’d hear the burn run an’ then I’d hear the
thrushes.
Young, still young!—an’ drenchin’ wet the
grass,
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin’ sweetly
down;
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
An’ find me cuttin’ rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?

*Rippin' round the bog pools high among the
heather,*

*The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave
it go,*

*'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to
bind together.*

Come, dear, come!—an' back along the burn.

*See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a
crown.*

*Quick, one kiss,—sure, there's some one at the
turn!*

*"Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the moun-
tain."*

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago. . . .

*I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer
thrushes.*

*Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an'
flow,*

*For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o'
green rushes.*

Run, burn, run! can ye mind when we were
young?

The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark
an' brown:

Sing, burn, sing! can ye mind the song ye sung
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

“THE OULD LAD.”

I mind meself a wee boy wi' no plain talk,
An' standin' not the height o' two peats;
There was things meself consated 'or the time that
I could walk,
An' who's to tell when wit an' childer meets?
'Twas the daisies down in the low grass,
The stars high up in the skies,
The first I knewed of a mother's face
Wi' the kind love in her eyes,
Och, och!
The kind love in her eyes.

I went the way of other lads that's neither good
nor bad,
An' still, d'ye see, a lad has far to go;

But the things meself consated when I wasn't sick
 nor sad,
They're aisy told, an' little use to know.
'Twas whiles a boat on the say beyont,
 An' whiles a girl on the shore,
An' whiles a scrape o' the fiddle-strings,
 Or maybe an odd thing more
 In troth!
 Maybe an odd thing more.

A man, they say, in spite of all, is betther for a
 wife,
In-undher this ould roof I live me lone;
I never seen the woman yet I wanted all me
 life,
Ap' I never made me pillow on a stone.
 'Tis "fancy buys the ribbon" an' all,
 An' fancy sticks to the young;
But a man of his years can do wi' a pipe
 Can smoke an' hould his tongue,
 D'ye mind,
 Smoke an' hould his tongue.

Ye see me now an ould man, his work near done,
Sure the hair upon me head's gone white;
But the things meself consated 'or the time that I
could run,
They're the nearest to me heart this night.
Just the daisies down in the low grass,
The stars high up in the skies,
The first I knowed of a mother's face
Wi' the kind love in her eyes,
Och, och!
The kind love in her eyes.

THE RACHRAY MAN.

Och, what was it got me at all that time
To promise I'd marry a Rachray man?
An' now he'll not listen to rason or rhyme,
He's strivin' to hurry me all that he can.

"Come on, an' ye *be* to come on!" says he,
"Ye're bound for the Island, to live *wi'* me."

See Rachray Island beyont in the bay,
An' the dear knows what they be doin' out there
But fishin' an' fightin' an' tearin' away,
An' who's to hindher, an' what do they care?
The goodness can tell what 'ud happen to me
When Rachray 'ud have me, *anee, anee!*

I might have took Pether from over the hill,
A dacent poacher, the kind poor boy:

Could I keep the ould places about me still
I'd never set foot out o' sweet Ballyvoy.
My sorra on Rachray, the could sea-caves,
An' blackneck divers, an' weary ould waves !

I'll never win back now, whatever may fall,
So give me good luck, for ye'll see me no more;
Sure an Island man is the mischief an' all—
An' me that never was married before!

Oh think o' my fate when ye dance at a fair,
In Rachray there' no Christianity there.

BIRDS.

Sure maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there' a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea,
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain
Slip from in-undher the drippin' leaves,
Wishful to sing again;
An' low wi' love when he's near the nest,

An' loud from the top o' the tree,
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
An' he tells it the one sweet way.
But my heart is sore at the cushadoo
Filled wid his own soft glee,
Over an' over his "me an' you!"
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the red-breast
Singin' his lone on a thorn,
Mindin' himself o' the dear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn.
The time is in dark November,
An' no spring hopes has he:
"Remember," he sings, "remember!"
Ay, *thon's* the wee bird for me.

JOHNEEN.

Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long,

Baby Johneen;

Watch yerself now, for he's terrible strong,

Baby Johneen.

An' his fists 'ill be up if ye make any slips,

He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,

But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,

Will Johneen.

There' nobody can rightly tell the colour of his
eyes,

This Johneen;

For they're partly o' the earth an' still they're
partly o' the skies,

Like Johneen.

So far as he's thravelled he's been laughin' all the
way,
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart
is gay;
An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd
do to play

With Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
Young Johneen,
For he takes to the wather like any little duck,
Boy Johneen;
Sure them are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
For Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,
Och, Johneen;
'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the
pet,
Wee Johneen.

(32)

Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night.
Slainte gal, avic machree! live an' do right,
Slainte gal avourneen! may your days be bright,
Johneen!

“BEAUTY’S A FLOWER.”

*Youth’s for an hour,
Beauty’s a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.*

Youth’s for an hour, an’ the taste o’ life is sweet,
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet;
In all my days I never seen the one as fair as she,
I’d have lost my life for Ailes, an’ she never cared
for me.

Beauty’s a flower, an’ the days o’ life are long,
There’ little knowin’ who may live to sing an-
other song;
For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An’ Mary—God be good to her!—is all I love in
life.

*Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.*

THE BOY FROM BALLYTEARIM

He was born in Ballytearim, where there' little
work to do,

An' the longer he was livin' there the poorer still
he grew;

Says he till all belongin' him, "Now happy may ye
be!

But I'm off to find me fortune," sure he says, says
he.

"All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to
the whin;

All the crows in Ballytearim has a way o' gettin'
thin."

So the people did be praisin' him the year he wint
away,—

"Troth, I'll hould ye can do it," sure they says,
says they.

Och, the boy 'ud still be thinkin' long, an' he
across the foam,
An' the two ould hearts be thinkin' long that
waited for him home:
But a girl that sat her lone an' whiles, her head
upon her knee,
Would be sighin' low for sorra, not a word says
she.

He won home to Ballytearim, an' the two were
livin' yet,
When he heard where she was lyin' now the eyes
of him were wet;
"Faith, here's me two fists full o' gold, an' little
good to me
When I'll never meet an' kiss her," sure he says,
says he.

Then the boy from Ballytearim set his face an-
other road,
An' whatever luck has followed him was never
rightly knowed:

But still it's truth I'm tellin' ye—or may I never
sin!—

All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to
the whin.

I MIND THE DAY.

I mind the day I'd wish I was a say-gull flyin' far,
For then I'd fly an' find you in the West;
An' I'd wish I was a little rose as sweet as roses
are,

For then you'd maybe wear it on your breast,
Achray!

You'd maybe take an' wear it on your breast.

I'd wish I could be living near, to love you day
an' night,

To let no throuble touch you or annoy;
I'd wish I could be dyin' here to rise a spirit light,
If Them above 'ud let me bring you joy,

Achray!

If Them above 'ud let me win you joy.

An' now I wish no wishes, nor ever fall a tear,
Nor take a thought beyont the way I'm led:

I mind the day that's over-by, an' bless the day
that's here,

There be to come a day when we'll be dead,
Achray!

A longer, lighter day when we'll be dead.

GRACE FOR LIGHT.

When we were little childer we had a quare wee
house,

Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla'
burn;

The hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear
the crowin' grouse,

An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get
room to turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to
the wall,

An' the lave of us could sit aroun', just any-
where we might;

Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all,

An' "*God be thanked!*" she would say,—"*now
we have a light.*"

Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on
the floor,
An' think on One who called us to come and be
forgiven;
Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good
word more,
*"May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light
o' Heaven!"*

There' a wheen things that used to be an' now
has had their day,
The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a
sight;
But not the quare wee house where we lived up
Brabla' way,
Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the
grace for light.

THE GRAND MATCH.

Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was grey-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-undher her shawl,
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likelier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a thrifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gold to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his
byre,

But far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
An' paid him that "thrifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round her he'd
try;
With a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led!
Sure many's the night that he'll wish himself
dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue o' the woman that owns him.

THE SAILOR MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,—
Betther for me, betther for me
The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground
I was sthrollin' along in an Irish city,
That hasn't its aquil the world around
For the air that is sweet an' the girls that are
pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped,
Give you me word, give you me word,
Every girl wid a turn o' the head
Just like a bird, just like a bird;

An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes
Shinin' to tell you it's fair time o' day wid them,
Back in me heart wid a kind o' surprise
I think how the Irish girls has the way wid
them!

Och man alive! but it's little ye know
That never was there, never was there.
Look where ye like for them, long may ye go,—
What do I care? what do I care?
Plenty as blackberries where will ye find
Rare pretty girls not by two nor by three o'
them?
Only just there where they grow, dy'e mind
Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o'
them.

Long, long away, an' no matther how far,
'Tis the girls that I miss, the girls that I miss:
Women are round ye wherever ye are
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.

Over in Ireland many's the one,—

Well do I know, that has nothing to say wid
them,—

Sweeter than anythin' undher the sun,

Och, 'tis the Irish girls has the way wid them!

AT SEA.

'Tis the long blue Head o' Garron
From the sea,

Och, we're sailin' past the Garron
On the sea.

Now Glen Ariff lies behind,
Where the waters fall an' wind
By the willows o' Glen Ariff to the sea.

Ould Luirgedan rises green
By the sea,
Ay, he stands between the glens
An' the sea.

Now we're past the darklin' caves,
Where the breakin' summer waves
Wandher in wi' their trouble from the sea.

But Cushendun lies nearer
To the sea,
An' *thon*'s a shore is dearer
Still to me,
For the land that I am leavin'
Sure the heart I have is grievin',
But the ship has set her sails for the sea.

Och, what's this is deeper
Than the sea?
An' what's this is stronger
Nor the sea?
When the call is "all or none,"
An' the answer "all for one,"
Then we be to sail away across the sea.

“LOOKIN’ BACK.”

Wathers o’ Moyle an’ the white gulls flyin’,
Since I was near ye what have I seen?
Deep great seas, an’ a strhong wind sighin’
Night an’ day where the waves are green.
Struth na Moile, the wind goes sighin’
Over the waste o’ wathers green.

Slemish an’ Trostan, dark wi’ heather,
High are the Rockies, airy-blue;
Sure ye have snows in the winter weather,
Here they’re lyin’ the long year through.
Snows are fair in the summer weather,
Och, an’ the shadows between are blue!

Lone Glen Dun an’ the wild glen flowers,
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet.
Roses for miles, an’ redder than ours

Spring here undher the horses' feet,
Ay, an' the black-eyed gold sunflowers,—
Not as the glen flowers small an' sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin'
Whiles ye are nearer than snow-tops keen:
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin'—
What is the half o' the world between?

THE NORTH-WEST—CANADA.

Oh would ye hear, and would ye hear
 Of the windy, wide North-West?
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
 Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh could ye see, and could ye see
 The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,
 So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
 How fresh is a Western night!

When the long land-breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark-blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

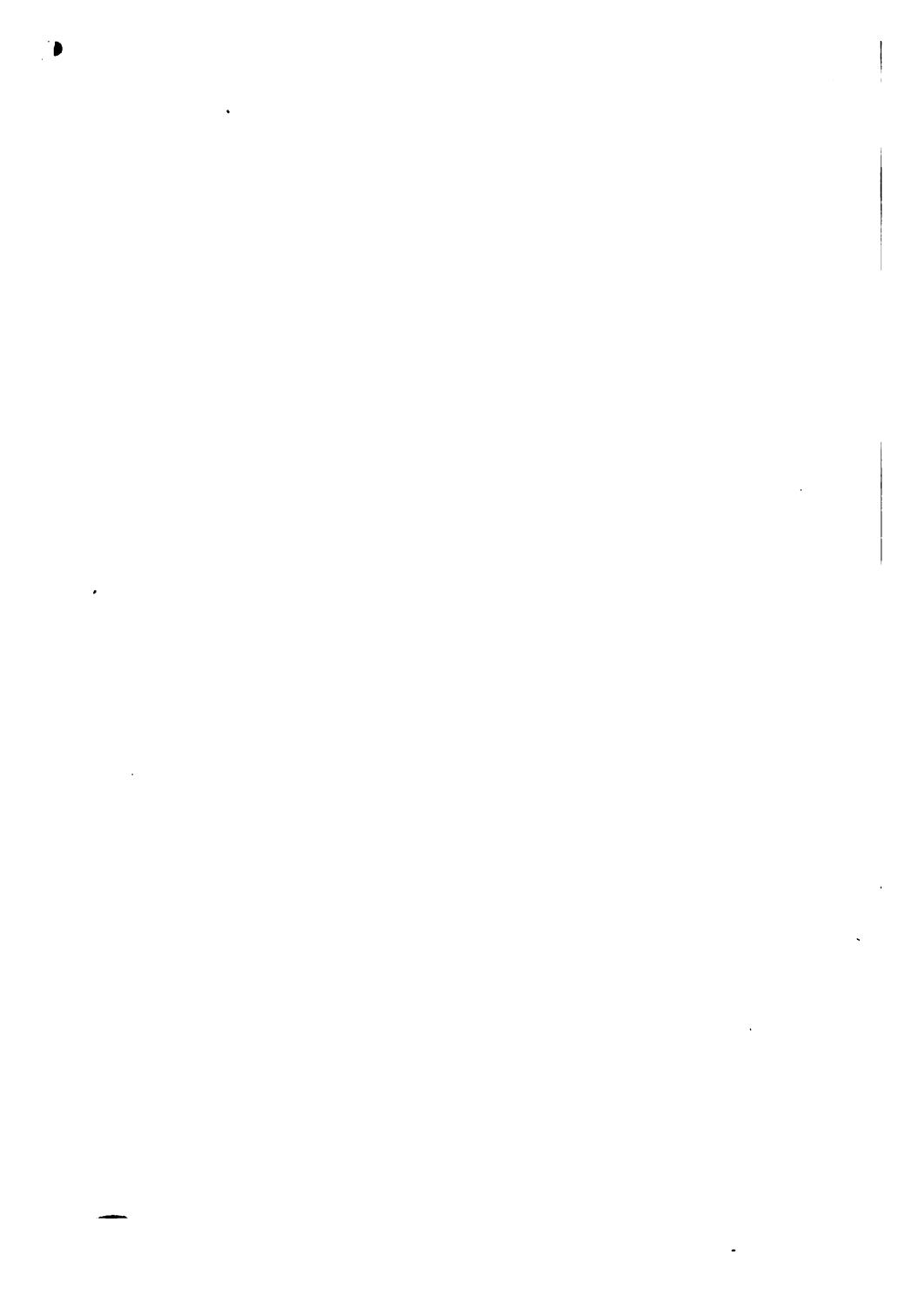
But could ye know, and for ever know
The word of the young North-West!
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
But the one that knows is blest.

BACK TO IRELAND.

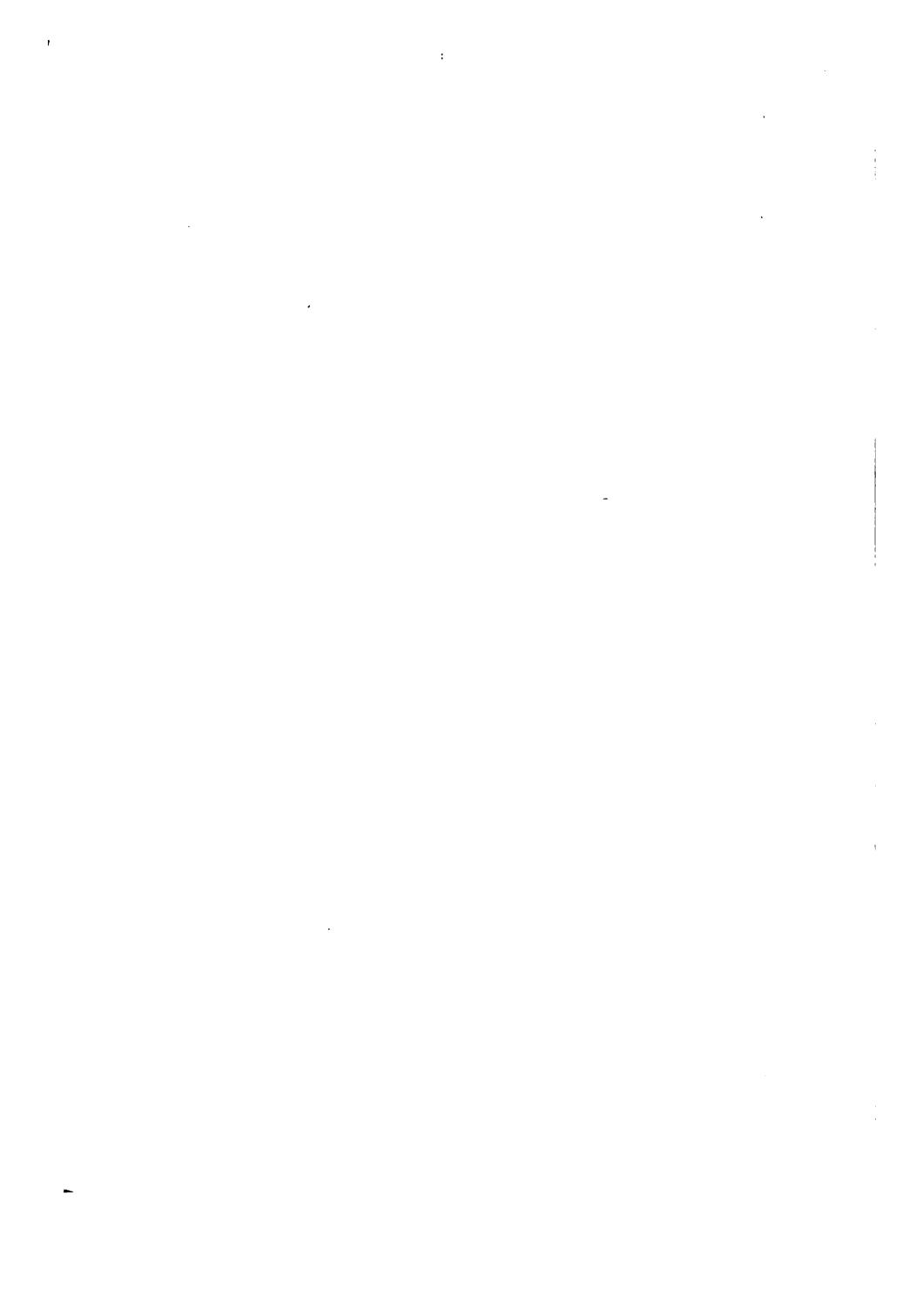
Oh tell me, will I ever win to Ireland again,
A store! from the far North-West?
Have we given all the rainbows, an' green woods
an' rain,
For the suns an' the snows o' the West?
"Them that goes to Ireland must thravel night an'
day,
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across the
say,
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the world
away—
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the West.
Set your face for Ireland,
Kiss your friends in Ireland,
But lave your heart behind you in the West."

(54)

On a dim an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes to
land,
Early, oh early in the mornin',
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to the
strand.
Whisperin', "Ye're welcome in the mornin'."
There's darkness on the holy hills I know are
close aroun',
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars are
shinin' down,
They make a golden cross above, they make a
golden crown,
An' meself could tell ye why,—in the mornin'.
Sure an' this is Ireland,
Thank God for Ireland!
I'm comin' back to Ireland the mornin'.



**More Songs of
The Glens of Antrim**



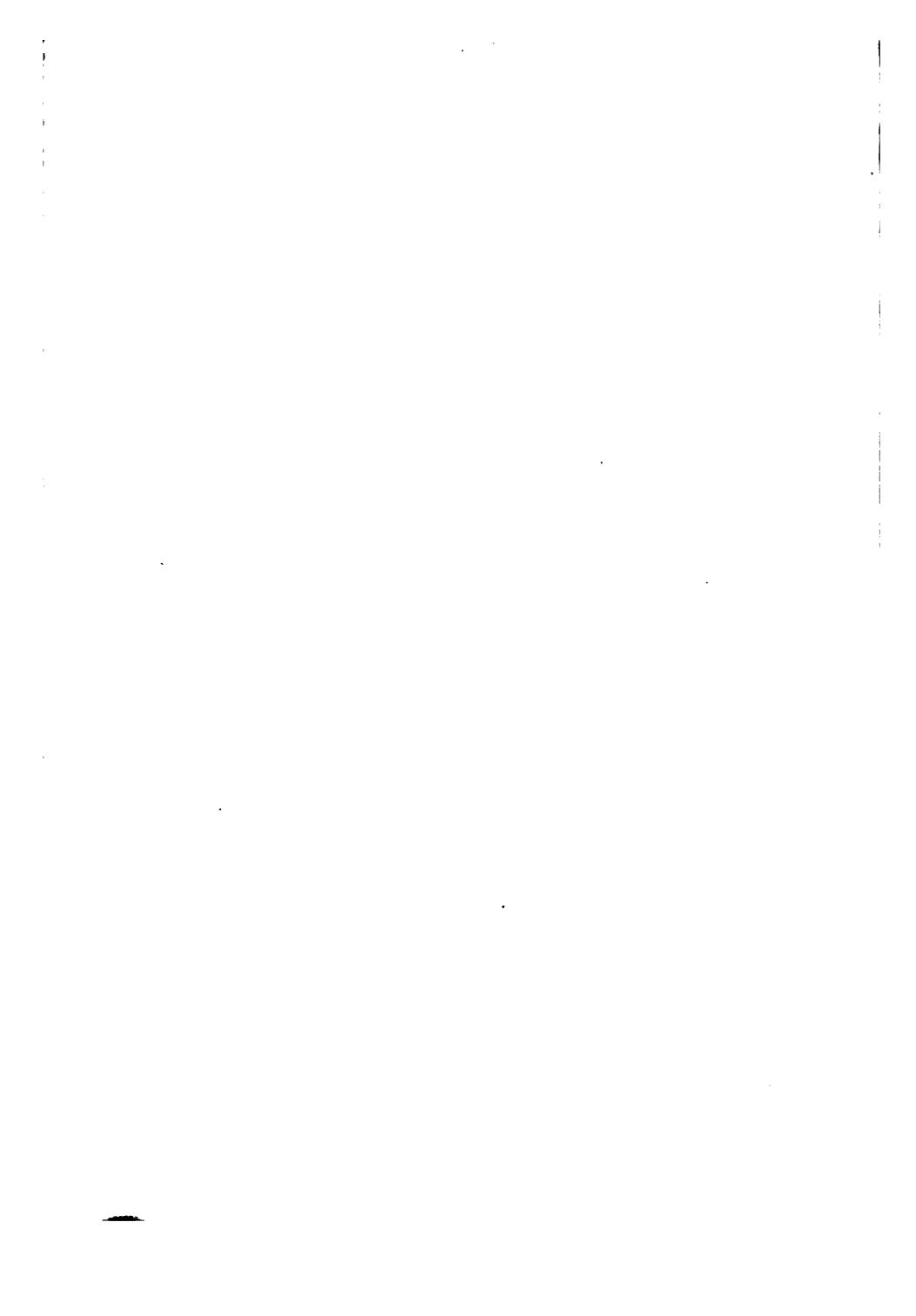
PREFACE.

These "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" have nearly all, like their predecessors, appeared in the pages of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' So have the "Songs from North-West Canada."

The "Translations from Italian Poets" were written for a review of the 'Oxford Book of Italian Verse,' which appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for April 1911.

Of the many unknown friends who have sent me letters and messages, I desire most to thank the one who told me of a young soldier who took my little book with him to the trenches, and read the 'Songs' to a comrade, before he gave his life on the field "for Freedom and Honour."

MOIRA O'NEILL.



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THE LITTLE SON.

When my little son is born on a sunny summer
morn,

I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside
the sea,

For the windy wathers blue would be dancin' if
they knew,

An' the weeny waves that wet the sand come
creepin' up to me.

When my little son is here in the noonday warm
an' clear,

I'll carry him so kindly up the glen to Craiga'
Wood;

In a green an' tremblin' shadow there I'll hush
my tender laddo,

An' the flittin' birds 'ill *quiet* their songs as if
they understood.

When my pretty son's awake, och, the care o' him
I'll take!

An' we'll never pass a *gentle* place between the
dark an' day;

If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil I'll
keep,

Or the wee folk an' the good folk might be
wantin' him away.

When my darlin' comes to me he will lie upon my
knee,—

Though the world should be my pillow he must
know no harder place.

Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle all o'
gold,

But my arm shall be about him an' my kiss
upon his face.

PADDY THE SLITHERS.

(Words to an old Irish tune.)

Ochone! don't be tellin' me to fiddle or to play,
Ochone! 'tis a pity that I lived to see this day.

I'm fit to break my fiddle, or I'm fit to take an'
die,—

Wirra! Paddy the Slithers, could a woman make
ye cry?

I asked her for another dhrink, an' sure I'd
played an hour,

Oh, who could think that music sweet would turn
a woman sour?

An' the company so pleasant sittin' back agin' the
wall,

But me bould Biddy Brogan ups an' says before
them all,

*"I'll give ye no more. There' a well in the
garden,
'Tis there ye may dhrink, an' not pay a farden."*

I am Paddy the Slithers, an' my father was the same,

For I kep' his ould fiddle an' I won his ould name,
That never said a false word or played a false note,—

But the manners o' thon woman has me chokin'
in the throat.

I had played her "Baltigoran," an' "The Pedlar
wid his Pack,"

"The Wind that Shakes the Barley," an' "When
Tony's Comin' Back."

'Twas "The Rockin o' the Cradle" I was goin' to
give her next,

An' troth! if I had wasted that, 'tis worse I would
be vext,

*Wid her "Not another dhrap! There' a well in
the garden,*

'Tis there ye may dhrink, an' not pay a farden."

Good-bye, Biddy Brogan! now I'll tramp it
through the rain,
Good-bye, Biddy Brogan! for I'll never come
again.
I wouldn't let my fiddle sweet be soundin' in your
place,
You're the only one that ever brought the red
into my face.
You'll be wantin' music badly for your weddin',
yet to be,
An' faith! ye may do wantin' for all ye'll get
from me.
If the man you're coaxin' now could know the
crossness of your mind.
He'd be trampin' through the rain wid me an'
lavin' you behind,
*Wid your "Not another dhrop! There' a well
in the garden,*
"Tis there ye can dhrink, an' not pay a farden."

DIVIDED.

'Tis well I know ye, Slieve Cross, ye windy stony
hill,

An' I'm tired, och! I'm tired with lookin' on ye
still;

For here I live the near side, an' he is on the far,
An' all your heights an' hollows are between us,
so they are,

Och anee!

But if 'twere only Slieve Cross to climb from
foot to crown,

I'd soon be up an' over that, I'd soon be runnin'
down;

Then sure the great ould sea itself is there be-
yond to bar,

An' all its weary wathers are between us, so they
are,

Och anee!

But what about the wather when I'd have ould
Paddy's boat?

Is it me that would be fear'd to grip the oars an'
go afloat?

Oh, I could find him by the light o' sun or moon
or star,

But there' coulder things than salt waves between
us, so they are,

Och-anee!

For well I know he'll never have the heart to
come to me,

An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the
sea;

'Tis the same if he is near me, 'tis the same if he
is far,

His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us,
so they are,

Och anee!

A LATE WOOING.

Am I the young man that you sent for to see?
An' tell me what is it you're wantin' with me?—
“*'Tis you that I sent for, 'tis you that I need,*
An' what I am wantin' you know it indeed.”

Then spare me the tale an' I'll save you the blush,
For all you would offer I'd care not a rush.—
“*Sure then it was false what you said long ago,*
An' moved me to love you to bring me to woe.”

I said that I loved you as dear as my life,
You mocked when I wanted to make you my
wife.—
“*Forget it, forget it! That's over an' bye.*
An' if I must lose you I'm soon like to die.”

Oh, never be thinkin' you'll win me to rue,
If you live or you die or whatever you do!
You killed the young love that you cared not to
 save,—
I'll smile when the young grass is green on your
 grave.

NEVER MARRIED.

My mother had three daughters, an' the ouldest
one was me,

The other two was married in their youth;
'Tis well for them that likes it, but by all that I
could see

It 'ud never fit meself, an' there's the truth.

Oh, never think I'm wantin' to miscall the race o'
men,

There' not a taste o' harm in them, the cratures !
They're meddlesome, an' quarrelsome, an' trouble-
some, but then

The Man Above He put it in their natures.

I'd never be uncivil, sure an' marriage must be
right,

Or what 'ud bring the childer to the fore?

Wid their screechin' an' their roarin' an' *balorin'*
 day an' night,—
Me sister Ann has five, an' Jane has more.
I couldn't work wid childer, an' the men's a bigger
 kind,
 But muddy an' *mischeevous* like the small;
Ye've got to larn them betther, an' ye've got to
 make them mind,
 An' ye've got to keep them aisy afther all.
I'm betther doin' wi' dumb things, a weeny black-
 faced lamb,
 Or the yaller goosey-goslin's on the knowe;
The neighbours think I'm sensible wi' sick ones,
 so I am,—
 Sure 'twas me that saved the life o' Mullens' cow.
Aye, ye'll often hear them say a woman cannot
 bide her lone,
 An' it's fifty years alone that I have bided;
They're very apt to say no woman yet could guide
 her own,—
 But them that God guides is well guided!

HER SISTER.

"Brigid is a Caution, sure!"—What's that ye say?
Is it my sister then, Brigid MacIlray?
Caution or no Caution, listen what I'm tellin'
ye . . .

*Childer, hould yer noise there, faix! there' no
quellin' ye! . . .*

Och, well, I've said it now this many a long day,
'Tis the quare pity o' Brigid MacIlray.

An' she that was the beauty, an' never married
yet!

An' fifty years gone over her, but do ye think
she'll fret?

Sorra one o' Brigid then, that's not the sort of
her,

Ne'er a *hate* would *she* care though not a man had
thought of her.

Heaps o' men she might 'a had. . . . *Here, get out o' that,*
Mick, ye rogue! desthroyin' o' the poor ould cat!

Ah, no use o' talkin! Sure a woman's born to wed,
An' not go wastin' all her life by waitin' till she's dead.

Haven't we the men to mind, that couldn't for the lives o' them
Keep their right end uppermost, only for the wives o' them?—

Stick to yer pipe, Tim, an' give me no talk now!
There's the door fore'nenst ye, man! out ye can walk now.

Brigid, poor Brigid will never have a child,
An' she you'd think a mother born, so gentle an' so mild. . . .

Danny, is it puttin' little Biddy's eyes out ye're after,
Swishin' wid yer rod there, an' splittin' wid yer laughter?

*Come along the whole o' yez, in out o' the wet,
Or may I never but ye'll soon see what ye'll get!*

*She to have no man at all. . . . Musha, look at
Tim!*

*Off an' up the road he is, an' wet enough to swim,
An' his tea sittin' waitin' on him, there he'll sthreel
about now,—*

*Amn't I the heart-scalded woman out an' out
now?*

*Here I've lived an' wrought for him all the ways
I can,*

*But the Goodness grant me patience, for I'd need
it wid that man!*

*What was I sayin' then? Brigid lives her lone,
Ne'er a one about the house, quiet as a stone. . . .
Lave a-go the pig's tail, boys, an' quet the squealin'
now,*

*Mind! I've got a sally switch that only wants the
peelin' now. . . .*

Ah, just to think of her, 'deed an' well-a-day!

'Tis the quare pity o' Brigid MacIlray.

ONLY ONE.

There' five-an'-fifty islands maybe, take the world
aroun',
An' the sun he be to light them all afore his
goin' down;
But when he looks on Ireland 'tis then he shines
the best,
An' he wants to see no other, an' he sinks into
the West,—
For the sun would sleep beside her in the
West.

There' many a lough in Ireland, an' one I know is
small,
An' a little house beside it where the childer
run an' call;

An' wather there an' heather there, an' sorra thing
to see,

But a quare an' lonesome place it is that holds
the girl for me,—

She's walkin' by the lough-side, an' thinkin'
long for me.

If I'd step up the loanin', the childer they would
fly,

They're very strange in them parts where no
one's passin' by;

They'd scatter out like *pettericks*, an' hide among
the heather,

Their sister standin' by the door, an' in we'd
go together,—

To speake the word would aise our hearts, the
two of us together.

Then why go heavy-hearted, man, an' why live
here your lone?

The sun he loves a green isle, but keeps the sky
his own;

He's down in love this evenin', he's far away the
morn,—

A man will lave his fancy an' the place where
he was born,

Aye, a wheen things behind him in the place
where he was born.

But for all that the best does be still-an'-ever *one*,
Oh, ne'er another Ireland can smile beneath the
sun!

For all the loughs in Ireland, for all the glens
there be,

The one lough, the one glen, the one girl for
me;—

She's walkin' by the wather-side, an' thinkin'
long for me.

A BUD IN THE FROST.

Blow on the embers, an' sigh at the sparkles !
My mother she bid me be wise in time.—
Ashes are white an' the red fire darkles :
I lost the words, but I know the rhyme.
It may be true,
An' it may be true,
'Tis much to me, 'tis little to you !
Oh, look if a boat comes over the water,
An' call on my mother who told her daughter
That "Love is all crost,—like a bud in the frost."

Love has undone me, an' why would you wonder !
My mother she bid me be wise in time.—
The waters have met, an' my head has gone under,
But far, far away there are bells that chime

How love is no liar,
Oh, love is no liar,
"That's only a bird singin' there on the briar.
You'd better be lookin' no more at the water,
But give me your hand an' come home, my
daughter,
For love is all crost,—like a bud in the frost."

THE BLACKBIRD.

(Words to an old Irish tune.)

There' a sweet bird singing in the narrow glen,
 The blackbird clear with a golden bill,
He'll call me afther him, an' then
 He'll flit an' lave me still.
A bird I had was one'st my own,
 Oh dear, my *colleen dhu* to me!
My nest is cold, my bird has flown,—
 An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh, never will I tell her name,
 I'll only sing that her heart was true;
My blackbird! ne'er a thing's the same
 Since I was losin' you.

'Tis lonesome in the narrow glen,
An' rain-drops fallin' from the tree.
But whiles I think I hear her when
The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Her image all its child shall be;
My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest
The care that's wastin' me.
A Night of sleep shall end my pain,
A sunny Morn shall set me free;
An' when I wake I'll hear again
My blackbird sing to me.

NEVER LET ON!

When I was just a youngster an' the whole of us
 was young,
An' childer will be still tormentin' other,
I larned a thrick to watch it out an' still to hould
 me tongue,
An' sure enough it saved a heap o' bother.
I mind the time that Micky had his sister by the
 hair,
The day she took an' broke his rod, an' Pat was
 skelpin' Mick,
An' Jane had hould o' Patsy by the legs, an' Tim
 was *there*,
Says I, "I think I see me Da,"—that saved us all
 the stick.

'Tis the only way o' doin', just till not be lettin'
on!

Were ye ever at a fair in Cushendall?

'Twas there I nearly lost me life, an' sure I'd only
gone

For to buy a likely heifer in the fall.

Well, I bought her, then I sould her, an' I done
a thriflin' deal

Wi' poor ould John MacGonnell o' Rafoam;
But the bruiser Big MacDonnell knocked the head
off John MacGonnell,

So at the latter end of all I dhruv the heifer home.

I was lookin' after Nancy, but of course I'd not
let on,

An' *she* was lettin' on she didn't care;
The women think theirselves as cute, an' faith,
they're never done

Wi' their simple sort o' schamin' in the air.

Well, that's a tale I'll tell to none, but now we're
man an' wife,

An' she squarely likes to manage an' to rule;

I'm not the man to cross her, so we lead a quiet
life,
For he isn't all a wise man that wouldn't play the
fool.

Ah, where's the use o' talkin'? Ye should never
draw the sod,
Ye should never stop a beggar in his dhrink,
Ye should see an' lift your own load an' put your
trust in God:
'Tis He will make the ship to sail or sink.
But och! the world is full o' fools that won't be
said or led,
Now may I never live to rear a son
If I would not *insense* him ere he'd be to earn his
bread,
Till "keep a quiet sough, me boy, an' never you
let on!"

A ROSE IN DECEMBER.

Well can I mind your mother, the pity it is she's
gone,
An' her sort is lost out of Ireland, women like her
there's none !
Blue were the eyes an' kindly, soft an' slow was
the tongue,
I mind her words the betther for that, an' the
quare ould songs she sung.
She had many a poor one's blessin', an' blessin'
she'd give *golor*,—
Aye, a rose in December was growin' by her door.

But you were all the daughter she had, an' faith,
'twas just as well !
For if it wasn't for manners now, straight to your
face I'd tell

That two like you is too many, an' one is more
than enough,
But rightly I know for an ould man's talk you'll
care not a pinch o' snuff.
For looks you were never the peel of her, for
larnin',—I may be a fool,
But I wouldn't give much for the larnin' that's
got at the National School.

Young people should be *conducted*, but that's
where they're all asthray,
There were none o' this loiterin' home from fairs
in Father M'Carthy's day;
'Twas he would ha' had their lives for less, so he
would then, who but he!
Your mother he called "the flower o' Layde,"
an' none minds that but me.
An' she had the voice of a song-thrush, but you
have the laugh of a jay,—
Och, she was a rose in December, but you are a
frost in May!

THE OULD TUNES.

A boy we had belongin' us, an' och, but he was
 gay,
An' we'd sooner hear him singin' than we'd hear
 the birds in May,
For a bullfinch was a fool to him, an' all ye had
 to do,
Only name the song ye wanted an' he'd sing it
 for ye through,
Wid his "*Up now There!*" an' his "*Look about*
 an' thry for it,"—
Faith, he had the quarest songs of any ye could
 find,—
"Poppies in the Corn" too, an' "Molly, never
 Cry for it!"
"A Pretty Girl I Courted," an' "There's Trouble
 in the Wind."

Music is deludherin', ye'll hear the people say,
Ah, the more they be deludhered then, the betther
is their case;

I would sooner miss my dhrink than never hear a
fiddle play,

An' since Hughie up an' left us this has been
another place.

Arrah, *come* back, lad! an' we'll love you when
you sing for us,

Sure we're gettin' oulder an' ye'll maybe come
too late.

Sing "Girl Dear!" an' "The Bees among the
Ling" for us;

I could shake a foot to hear "The Pigeon on
the Gate."

Oh, Hughie had the music, but there come on him
a change,

He should ha' stayed the boy he was an' never
grown a man;

I seen the shadow on his face before his time to
range,

An' I knew he sung for sorrow as a winter robin
can.

But *that's* not the way! oh, I'd feel my heart
grow light again,

Hughie, if I'd hear you at "The Pleasant
Summer Rain";

Ould sweet tunes, sure my wrong 'ud all come
right again,

Listenin' for an hour I'd forget the feel o' pain.

TIDY ANNIE.

I am not carin' much to hear what the young men
dancin' say,

An' I think there is little sense in them, but let
them go their way.

For I have many another thing, an' it is not
marriage I mind !

Nor yet to be meetin' below the road, nor yet to
be lookin' behind ;

For the like o' that is foolishness, an' it happens
every day.

Then I think it is very well for me to be livin' in
ould Parkure,

An' the way that I am it fits me best, for a
mother's love is sure.

The half o' the wives are sharp-tongued, the half
are destroyed with work,
Ah, the height o' botheration it is to be married
on a Turk,—
But what about that? If he's ten Turks, when
it's done you can get no cure.

'Tis "Tidy Annie" they give me, they know that
I can't be bet
For a steady girl, an' a decent shawl, an' walkin'
clean in the wet.
They don't see many that do like *me*, with the
house to keep an' all,
An' ducks to feed an' a goat to milk, an' to mind
the mother's call,—
But isn't it now the quarest thing—that nobody's
asked me yet!

THE EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

I hope this finds all well at home, as it leaves me
at present,

An' sure I am, my mother dear, that you've been
thinkin' long!

But don't you fret, I'm livin' still, an' so is Andy
Besant;

We didn't mind the ship so much, but she was
awful throng.

I wisht ye'd see the place we're in,—the name is
wrote above,—

Ye'd say 'twas just unearthly, wi' the blazin' o'
the sun;

The drink we get is barefut tea, an' not for gold
or love

Could ye rise an' post a letter here as ye would in
Cushendun.

My uncle says he minds you well, an' why would
you not come?

Be sure he'd send a ticket, an' he'd build a house
some place;—

But the blacks 'ud have you scared by nights,
an' women's best at home;—

He's a kindly sort of a decent man, wi' a great
big sod of a face.

Ye've likely seen Rosanna? . . . did she ask or
did she care?

But ye needn't say I named her, for I wouldn't
go that far.

'Tis only Andy wants to know, an' "Faith," says
he, " 'tis quare

An' she so comely as she is, an' she so long wi'
her da!"

Who feeds my old dog Dusty now, an' what place
does he lie?

Ye'll mind not fill the cart too full, to spoil that
pony's shape.

I doubt Tom Boyd's forgot me, an' the rest will
by-an'-by,—
He said he'd write so constant, an' he never sent
a scrape.

So now no more, my mother dear, for I've no
more to tell.

I see you at your spinnin'-wheel beside the red
turf fire,
An' my little brother Alick there,—I still liked him
so well!

When I win back to yous again I'll get my heart's
desire.

ALTANEIGH

There a place I used to know,
Where the bendin' birches grow
By the bright wather still-an'-ever fallin',
An' the fern is smellin' sweet
Up the brae about your feet,
An' a voice within the wather-voice is callin',

If you waited all the day
Till the light was gone away,
An' the dark an' dewy clouds were slowly shiftin',
Oh, a little, little moon
There would glimmer on you soon,
An' all among the stars go downward driftin'.

Will I ever rise an' go
To the glen I used to know,
To the sweet fern an' golden wather droppin'?

Up the brae an' by the burn
See them stand at every turn,
Green birch crowns the one another toppin'?—

Now grant I may not see,
No, never would I be
Where the ferns dip, the dark pools bubble:
When we've loved too long to praise,—
God be with the old dear days!
But the peace of that glen my heart would trouble.

Songs from North-West Canada



ON THE PRAIRIE.

Back on the great pale prairie that stretches out
to the sky,

Bare to the winds and sunlight, glistening, grassy
and dry;

You're back from the sweet old country, the island
green and far,

You and Alberta had said Good-bye "for ever,"
but here you are.

No tree to cast a coolness on all the land bare-
browed,

Only a drifting shadow moves from a drifting,
wide-winged cloud;

Open and undeceiving is the bright, unfriendly
space,

You're miles from a spring of water, and miles
from another face.

The prairie's not for shelter, but it's plain to understand,
The winds are ever circling, and the sunshine warms the land;
This air is strong as ocean, this noon-light falls in showers
On crowds of the shimmering grasses, on millions of yellow flowers.

You've little cause for gladness, but your heart is up and glad,
No more it counts old sorrows, nor murmurs "once I had——":
The best you had was never lost, for the best was never known,
Now if you will, a day shall rise that lights you to your own.

The old *cayuse* you're riding, whose lordly name is Buck,
Can lope as far as the next horse and take you to your luck;

It may be a Mexican saddle is the highest seat
you'll fill,
But it's all in being ready, for the way is through
the will.

Oh, lift your head and see again the Rockies
where they rise,
More shining than the morning cloud, more stable
than the skies ;
And look again to Southward for the waters that
you know,
Between his flats and cut-banks the ice-fed River
Bow.

A MAY SONG.

The hills were dry and withered, the skies were
dark with snow

When I let you go, dear love, when I let you go.
The storms came down and swept us, breath of
the bitter North,

We rode through a blind white fury as the driven
snows came forth,

And we held our peace for the most part, for the
land lay under wrath.

This when I let you go, dear love, after I let
you go.

When skies grew soft in April, and cloudy as for
rain,

I called to you, "Come again, dear love!" I
called to you, "Come again!"

The winter has gone for all but me, and a spring
wind blows from the west;
The Easter buds are opening pale, but they come
for a sign of the rest;
The birds from the South are back with us, but
mine is an empty nest.
So I called to you, "Come again, dear love!" I
called to you, "Come again!"

The ache of winter has gone from me, I wake
with the heart of May;
We that were two are one, dear love; while it
is called to-day.
Ride with me where we used to ride, and look on
the mountains snowy and still,
On the gold-flowered willows catching the light,
on the little blue lake at the foot of the hill;
But look at me longest, first and last; love but
me,—and the rest as you will.
We that were two are one, dear love! Look in
my eyes to-day.

WILLOW CREEK.

The tent is pitched for sleeping in where cotton-
woods are green,

And Willow Creek is running, rippling, singing all
the way;

The misty hills are dim and far, the last the sun
has seen,

And birds and leaves and silver fish are sleeping
after play.

The day is slowly dying in a twilight grey,
And evening birds sing sweet for thanks that this
one day has been.

The stars are out in clusters, but the moon was
never seen,

And Willow Creek is running, rippling, singing
all the night;

With a breath of balm-of-Gilead comes the breeze
at morning keen,
The cloudy east is broken by a single rift of light.
The night is slowly dying in a day-dawn grey,
And morning birds sing sweet for thanks that this
one night has been.

SPRING ON THE RANCHE.

PART I.

THE LAST OF WINTER.

Oh, not for us the primrose faint, the south wind's
hush-a-low,

Through shining aisles of the beech-trees that
knew us years ago!

Here there's a long, long silence, and the dumbly
falling snow.

The prairie rolls away, away, the hills are covered
deep,

The water-springs in the coulées are sleeping a
frozen sleep,

The sun-dogs glimmer for a storm; how long can
winter keep?

Among the hungry cattle it's weary work to ride
And see the weak-knee'd mothers go stumbling
 side by side,
Nuzzling under the crusted snow for where new
 grass may hide.

There's not a blade of green yet, the last year's
 growth is rank,
Sodden and brown beneath the snow on hill and
 bottom and bank;
Every horse is a brute this month, and every man
 is a crank.

Only the evening hours are good, when two can
 sit apart
Within the light of the fire they love, curing the
 winter's smart;
The hand is warm in another hand, the heart is
 safe with a heart.

SPRING ON THE RANCHE

PART II.

THE FIRST OF SPRING.

There was a sound of whistling wings over the
house last night,

And the wild duck dropped in the creek below,
resting upon their flight;

Now the mallard with his emerald neck is swim-
ming round in the light.

A warm wind from the mountains came pouring
like a tide,

The strong *chinook* has broken the heart of
winter's icy pride,

And the snow has all gone up like smoke from a
prairie sunny and wide.

Here are grey buds of the "crocus," but shut and
silvery dim,
Along the creek there are mouse-ears on the wil-
lows red and slim;
A blue tit feeds there upside down in the manner
approved by him.

Hill snows melt and rush in streams bubbling and
dark as wine;
Cattle are drifting out of the hills—well do we
know that sign!
And the soft clouds rolling across the blue have a
beauty half divine.

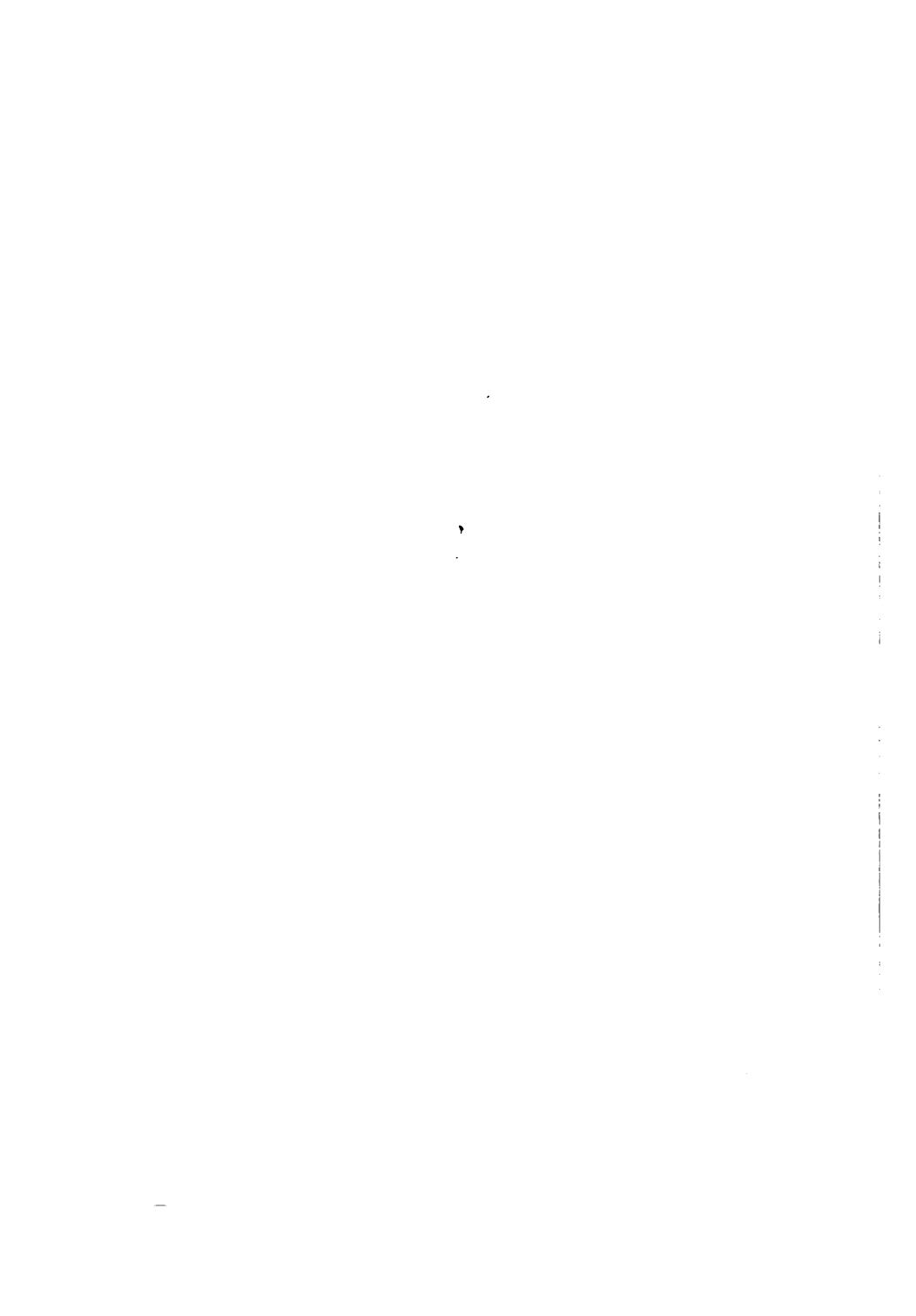
New grass and sweet will soon be here, and the
patient herds grow strong;
We will forget the cruel frost and all the winter's
wrong;
None can be glad as we are glad unless they have
waited as long.

A HUSH SONG.

Sleep, little child, sleep softly here,
Angels of God are watching near;
Thou shalt be safe—lay down thy head!—
With their white wings above thee spread.

Sleep, little child, nor fear the night,
After the dark comes morning light.
Angels return their Home to see,
God looketh down and loveth thee.

Translations from Italian Poets



LAMENTO.

Gia mai non mi conforto
Nè mi vo' rallegrare:
Le navi sono al porto,
E vogliono collare.
Vassene la più gente
In terra d' oltra mare:
Ed io, lassa dolente,
Como deg' io fare?

La croce salva la gente,
E me face disviare:
La croce mi fa dolente,
Non mi val Dio pregare.
Oi croce pellegrina,
Perchè m' hai sì distrutta?
Oi me, lassa tapina,
Ch' i' ardo e 'ncendo tutta!

—RINALDO D'AQUINO.

(109)

THE CRUSADE.

Sec. xiii.

Never can I forget my woe,
And comfort naught avails:
The ships are in the port below,
Waiting to hoist their sails.
The men are all for sailing
To lands beyond the sea,
And I alone am wailing,
What will become of me?
• • • •
The Cross that saves all living,
Has set my steps astray:
The Cross such grief is giving,
To God I cannot pray.
Oh, Cross of pilgrims faring,
What of my lonely strife!
The grief my heart is bearing
Will waste away my life.

(110)

ITALIA MIA.

Non è questo il terren ch' i' toccai pria?
Non è questo 'l mio nido,
Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente?
Non è questa la patria in ch' io mi fido,
Madre benigna e pia,
Che copre l' uno e l' altro mio parente?
Per Dio, questo la mente
Talor vi mova; e con pietà guardate
Le lagrime del popol doloroso,
Che sol da voi riposo
Dopo Dio spera; e pur che voi mostriate
Segno alcun di pietate,
Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l' arme, e fia 'l combatter corto:
Chè l' antico valore
Negl' italici cor non è ancor morto.

—FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

(111)

MY ITALY.

Is not this land the same where first I stood?
Is it not here, the nest
Where I was nursed so sweetly day and night?
Is not this fatherland my own wherein my faith
I rest,
Mother benign and good,
That covers now both parents from my sight?
Oh, that at last this might
For God's sake move your minds to feel
Compassion for a people's tears and woes.
Who but for God can hope repose
From none but you!—Let their appeal
Call forth your pity now to heal,
Else men to stop this fury's way
Will take up arms, and short will be the strife:
The valour of an ancient day
Still in Italian hearts can wake to life.

MADRIGALE.

Cantate meco, innamorati augelli,
Poi che vosco a cantare Amor me invita;
E vui, bei rivi e snelli,
Per la piaggia fiorita
Tenete a le mie rime el tuon suave.
La belta, de ch' io canto, è sì infinita,
Che 'l cor ardir non have
Pigliar lo incarnò solo;
Chè egli è debole e stanco, e 'l peso è grave.
Vaghi augelletti, vui ne gite a volo
Perchè forsi credete
Che il mio cor senta duolo,
E la gioia ch' io sento non sapetá.
Vaghi augelletti, odete;
Chè quanto gira in tondo
Il mar, e quanto spira ciascun vento,
Non è piacer nel mondo
Che agguagliar si potesse a quel ch' io sento.

—BOIARDO.

(113)

MADRIGAL.

Sing now with me, ye wooing birds in bowers,
Since Love has bidden me to join your singing,
And all among the flowers
That on your banks are springing,
Fair streams, lend to my rhymes your own soft
tone.

Of beauty infinite my songs are ringing,
No heart that lives alone
Could lift such load on high;
For the tired heart is fainting and the weight
like stone.

Fair little song-birds, still before me flying,
Is it that here below
Ye deem my heart is sighing,
And the joy I have within me ye can never
know?

Fair little song-birds, think ye so?
Harken! the seas that bound us
In all their circles have no treasure,
Nor has the earth, nor have the winds around us
One joy that's equal to my deep heart's pleasure.

SONETTO.

Come creder debb' io che tu in ciel oda,
Signor benigno, i miei, non caldi preghi,
Se gridando la lingua che mi sleghi,
Tu vedi quanto il cor nel laccio goda?
Tu ch' il vero cognosci, me ne snoda,
E non mirar ch' ogni mio senso il nieghi:
Ma prima il fa che di me carco pieghi
Caronte il legno alla dannata proda.
Iscusi l' error mio, Signore eterno,
L' usanza ria che par che sì mi copra
Gli occhi, che 'l ben dal mal poco discerno.
L' aver pietà d' un cor pentito, anch' opra
E di mortal: sol trarlo dall' inferno
Mal grado suo, puoi tu, Signor, di sopra.

—ARIOSTO.

(116)

SONNET.

Can I believe in heaven they reach Thine ear,
O Lord benign, my prayers that are so cold,
When my tongue cries on Thee to loose the hold
Which yet Thou see'st my secret heart holds
dear?

Thou Who dost know the truth, release me here,
And heed not though my senses, rebels bold,
Deny Thee: hasten! When my corpse is cold,
Let me not in that barque with Charon steer.

Forgive me all, eternal Lord! too well
Hath evil custom blinded my clear sight
Till good from ill I scarcely now can tell.

A heart that's penitent can ask with right
A mortal's pardon, but to draw hearts from hell
Against their will Thou only hast the might.

CANZONE.

Vaghe Ninfe del Po, Ninfe sorelle,
E voi dei boschi e voi d' onda marina
E voi de' fonti e de l' alpestri cime,
Tessiam or care ghirlandette e belle
A questa giovinetta peregrina:
Voi di fronde e di fiori ed io di rime;
E mentre io sua beltà lodo ed onoro
Cingete a Laura voi le trecce d' oro.

Cingete a Laura voi le trecce d' oro
De l' arboscello onde s' ha preso il nome,
O pur de' fiori a' quali il pregio ha tolto;
E le vermicchie rose e' e'l verde alloro
Le faccian ombra a l' odorate chiome
Ed a le rose del fiorito volto;
E de l' auro e del lauro e de' be' fiori
Sparga l' aura nell' aria i dolci odori.

—TASSO.

(118)

SONG.

Lovely Nymphs, ye sister Nymphs of the river Po,
And ye from out the green wood and where the
sea-waves beat,
And ye who live by fountains and on hill-tops
high,
Let us weave dear garlands of the fairest flow-
ers that blow
All for this wandering maiden, young and
sweet.
Ye shall weave the buds and leaves, the
rhymes will I ;
And while I sing her beauty and praise it to the
height,
Crown ye the locks of Laura's hair so golden-
bright.

Crown ye the locks of Laura's hair so golden-bright
With leaves from off the slender tree whose name she still doth bear,
Or else with flowers that seem less rare now she is in this place,
And let the crimson roses and green-leaved laurel light
Make shade above the sweetness of her flower-scented hair,
And shade her cheek rose-tinted and all her flower-like face,
Until the fragrant laurel and the breath of blossoms spread
Are lifted on the gentle air and wafted over-head.

LA VITA SOLITARIA.

Talor m' assido in solitaria parte
Sovra un rialto, al margine d' un lago
Di taciturne piante incoronato.
Ivi, quando il meriggio in ciel si volve,
La sua tranquilla imago il Sol dipinge
Ed erba e foglia non si crolla al vento,
E non onda incresparsi, e non cicala
Strider, nè batter penna augello in ramo,
Nè farfalla ronzar, nè voce o moto
Da presso nè da lunge odi nè vedi.
Tien quelle rive altissima quiete:
Ond' io quasi me stesso e il mondo oblio
Sedendo immoto; e già mi par che sciolte
Giaccan le membra mie, nè spirto o senso
Più le commova, e lor quiete antica
Co' silenzi del loco si confonda.

—LEOPARDI.

(121)

THE SOLITARY LIFE.

Sometimes I choose a solitary place
Above a slope that borders on a lake,
Set round with silent trees as with a crown.
Here, when the noon is past, the westering sun
Paints his own tranquil image in the lake,
Nor blade nor leaf stirs in the passing breeze,
And never ripple breaks, no grasshopper
Shrills, no bird-wing stirs on bough,
No butterfly wanders, nor any voice or motion
Is either heard or seen, from near or far.
In deepest quiet all those shores are held:
Till I forget the world, almost forget myself
Sitting unmoved, until at last it seems
That freed in death these limbs of mine are lying
That neither sense nor spirit can move them more,
That they are back in their primeval quiet,
Mingling with all the silences around.

L'INFINITO

Sempre caro mi fu quest 'ermo colle,
E questa siepe, che da tanta parte
Dell' ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati
Spazi di la da quella, e sovrumani
Silenzi, e profondissima quiete
To nel pensier mi fingo ; ove per poco
Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello
Infinito silenzio a questa voce
Vo comparando : e mi sovviene l' eterno,
E le morte stagioni, e la presente
E viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
Immensità s' annega il pensier mio :
E il naufragar m' è dolce in questo mare.

—LEOPARDI.

THE INFINITE.

This lonely hill was ever dear to me,
With this one hedgerow, shutting out of sight
So great a part of all the far horizon.
But when I sit and gaze, interminable
Spaces beyond that bound, and superhuman
Silences, and quietude profoundest
I fancy in my thought, till by degrees
My heart forgets its awe. And as the wind
Rises and storms among the trees, this voice
I hear contrasting with that infinite silence,
And it reminds me of eternity, of seasons dead
and gone,
And of this present living time, with all its noise.
Thus lies my thought, drown'd in immensity,
And shipwreck in that sea is sweet to me.